

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Couper.*

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Our Dumb Animals.

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:
186 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

"The Pferdeschoner"

Is the name given by the Germans to the apparatus for diminishing the fatigue of horses in drawing burdens, referred to in the August number of OUR DUMB ANIMALS. The German horse would understand the word to mean "horse-sparer," and be thankful accordingly. Experiments by the German war department show that by its use there is a gain of from eighteen to forty per cent. in the working capacity of the animal, dependent for its exact value, of course, upon the peculiar circumstances of each trial.

The apparatus used by the German government in these experiments may be briefly described as follows: A number of india-rubber rings, inclosed in a metallic cylinder of a foot in length, are separated by iron rings, or *rundles*. Through the

centre of these passes a metallic rod, securely fastened at its lower extremity to the last *rundle*, its upper end passing freely through the cylinder-head, where it is attached to the tug, or trace-chain, of the horses. Of course, two of these cylinders are required for each animal, one for each end of the whiffletree.

The arrangement is, in fact, simply an *elastic tug*, kept within working limits. Traction on the tugs compresses the rubber rings, which not only diminish all shocks and strains from any sudden movements of the animal, but, by their recoil, give out again, as required, the force thus stored up in them, thereby enabling the horse to come slowly up to his work, and to utilize, without injury to himself, his full strength, now so often wasted in sudden efforts to overcome the *inertia* of his load.

As we before said, here is a field open for our inventors. A simple, strong and cheap apparatus of this kind ought to *pay*, and would certainly prove a blessing to our heavily burdened horses.

The same principle is involved in the duplex whiffletree invented by E. C. Gordon of Salem, N. H., included in our Centennial Exhibit.

Imported Birds.

What has become of the Society for the Importation of Foreign Singing Birds? Has it ceased to exist? or has it never been fairly hatched? Has it brought over the English blackbird, the robin redbreast, the linnet, and above all the nightingale? If so, with what success has the enterprise met? Do the foreign singers like our climate, thrive, and multiply? Shall we ever, on the Hudson, listen to a genuine nightingale?

It is said that the American mocking-bird is heard farther north every year, and is to be found in the valley of the Hudson. Who knows but that we may yet sit upon moonlight night and hear on one side a nightingale and on the other a mocking-bird!

Many have doubted whether the nightingale would have any advantage over the American bird. The nightingale has had the amplest honors of poetry, and the mocking-bird almost none. Is it not deserving as much praise as Shelley or Keats gives to the skylark? — *Beecher.*

"Don't Remind Me of It."

A citizen of Williamsburg has returned after an absence of five years. His return recalled the story of his departure. He was the owner of a large sorrel horse, and the work it had to do told on the poor animal. After months of ill-treatment, the horse became unfit for work, and the owner was forced to give it to the offal contractor to be killed. To the offal wharf he led it, belaboring it on the way with a long stick. The horse was tied, and one of the contractor's men raised the axe. As the blow fell on the horse's forehead the animal tore the rope from its fastening, tottered for a moment, and then dashed through the crowd of idlers directly for the owner. Terrified, he ran up the wharf, the horse pursuing him to a pile of lumber in the shipyard on the opposite side. The horse was almost on him, with outstretched neck and open jaws, and fire flashing from his eyes. The man doubled about the pile and climbed on its top as the horse tried to spring after him. The effort, however, had exhausted the horse, and it died with its fore feet resting on the pile. A few days thereafter the owner sold out and disappeared. When questioned, yesterday, he shook with terror and begged not to be reminded of it. "I went away," he said, "to escape talk; don't begin it now." — *N. Y. Sun.*

IMPROVED APPARATUS FOR HANDLING HORSES.—William W. Winnegar, Chambersburg, Ill.—This consists of a couple of upright crotches, together with cords and a tightening device therefor, mounted on a cranked axle and a pair of wheels, in such manner that, by adjusting the axle fore and aft under the body and between the legs of the animal, the cords may be arranged so as to confine him in a web in which he can be turned over on side or back, and can be moved about readily on the wheels. — *Scientific American.*

PARROTS.—M. Paul du Chaillu, in a recent lecture, gave a singular evidence of the teachableness of parrots in the wild state in Africa. One which he had taught to talk, also taught some twenty others therein by itself, and some of these, escaping, taught others in the forest, and he heard a flock of them chattering on top of a tree one day, to his astonishment.

WORRY wearies and wears out more than work. Anger creates disease.

Our Dumb Animals.

A Horse's Knowledge of Time.

I am always pleased to see anecdotes relating to the intelligence of animals. I am sure you are doing a good work by publishing such anecdotes, for they seem to educate the people into an appreciation of the rights and wrongs of our dumb friends. Bayard Taylor's interesting narrations in your Sunday edition reminded me of my old and faithful horse Charley, now dead, whom I had driven in my daily rounds for nearly ten years. Like nearly all physicians' horses, he had learned to stand at the door of a patient without being hatched. But he would not remain beyond a particular time. My habits were quite methodical, and I usually drove to the stable at twelve o'clock, noon, and at six o'clock, p.m. Charley soon learned this, and, whether he associated the hour with his feed or not, certain it was that, if I left him un-hitched at either of these hours, as soon as he heard the deep clang of the old court-house bell he would begin to shake his head, stamp with his feet, and if some one did not appear and either hitch him or get in and drive off, he would start off alone in about five minutes after the bell ceased to ring! This habit of his I soon learned, and I have often convinced incredulous persons of the intelligence of the horse by asking them to watch his motions when the bell sounded. He would start off very slowly, shaking his head and looking back as if saying, "I can't wait much longer." If he heard the door or gate open, even if he was a block away, he would stop and look back to see if I was not coming to him. I never knew him to run to the stable, but he would go from my office on Washington Street to his stable, several squares away, through the crowded streets, without any collision or damage. After I removed to Twenty-Second Street Charley kept up his old habit. For several weeks, if he heard the twelve or six o'clock bell, he would start off down town in a meditative way. The police came to know him and his habits, and rarely took him to the station. He soon came to know that he did not board down town, and would go to the new stable. He certainly knew the numbers 12 and 6, for he would not start off at eleven and five o'clock. It is proven by a large amount of testimony that some animals can count, or that they associate certain numbers with certain things, which is nearly the same after all.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Torture of Check-Reins.

The severe bearing-rein, as used by coachmen generally, is nothing more than horrible and needless torture to the poor and suffering horse, torture while in harness and the cause of internal maladies when he is put back in his stall for food and supposed rest. If there is one thing more opposed to natural health than another it is the increased production and then the waste of the saliva which is so necessary to the functions of the body. Who ever saw a horse in the field foaming at the mouth? Who ever saw a properly fitted hunter do so when ridden to hounds in an easy bit and obedient to light hand? I never saw it, nor do I think any one else has seen it; therefore, to begin with, the position of the carriage horse's head, gagged with a bearing-rein out of place, and that profusion of saliva ever falling from the mouth, must show something essentially wrong. The perpetually tossing head arises from the fevered state of the poor animal, and his consequent attempts to get rid of an irritating infliction, and not from the vulgar idea of a fiery wish to be put in action. Of this I am certain, that the less artificial constraint you put into a horse's mouth the better. The less you cumber his graceful limbs with lumber in the shape of a harness the better. The freer you keep his limbs and his respiratory organs the longer he will serve you, and the greater will be the labor he will perform for you.—*Hon. Grantley F. Berkely.*

THAT man's religion is worth little or nothing which has no dwelling-place but in his brain.

The Golden Robin's Nest.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The golden robin came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went.

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare.

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then threw the golden robin's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wonderous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared;
And then there came a pleasant summer's day
When the last golden robin flew away.

Ere-long, in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the golden robins came,
Cleaving the orchards with their breasts afame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest.
Little the golden robin thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

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Dog Shows.

The North of Ireland International Dog Show was an immense affair. Over three hundred persons, including the nobility, have joined the association; while the entries for the Crystal Palace Dog Show included 27 bloodhounds, 83 mastiffs, 68 St. Bernards, 22 Newfoundlands, 22 deerhounds, 26 greyhounds, 39 extra foreign class, 88 pointers, 97 setters, 73 retrievers, 8 Irish spaniels, 14 Clumber, 21 Sussex, 24 ordinary field spaniels, 153 fox-terriers, 2 otter hounds, 7 beagles, 83 collies, 10 Dalmatians, 62 bull-dogs, 26 bull-terriers, 12 smooth-haired terriers, 27 black-and-tan terriers, 32 Skyes, 29 Dandies, 5 Yorkshire terriers, 13 wire-haired terriers, 1 Scotch terrier, 15 Bedlington, 30 Dachshunds, 14 Pomeranians, 46 pugs, 13 Maltese, 10 Blenheims, 10 King Charles, 6 Italians, 31 toys, 31 litters of puppies, and 80 harriers. Total, 1,360.

At the Newton-Abbot show there were 312 entries, the exhibition being larger than any previously held in the west of England. Here were greyhounds, setters, pointers, retrievers, spaniels, fox-terriers, bull-dogs, mastiffs, Scotch collies, and toy dogs. One writer, evidently a clergyman, who dates his letter "Great Smeaton Rectory," dilates upon the Dandie Dinmont dog, the celebrated species described by Sir Walter Scott. The portrait of the renowned Dandie Dinmont painted by Landseer, now at Abbotsford, is referred to as the best authority.

J. W. FORNEY.

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HORSE-CAR and truck drivers, expressmen and bus-drivers do not rely on blasphemy so much as they were wont to do as the sure remedy to make refractory horses pull.—*Cor. Christian Union.*

Taking Life without Cause.

In the story by W. H. H. Murray, now being published in the "Golden Rule," the author puts into the mouth of one of his characters sentiments which might well be taken home by all sportsmen when they kill birds for the mere pleasure of showing their skill. When game is at large in the woods and is needed for food, we are not so unreasonable as to say that it is cruel or wrong to shoot it. But a bird once in hand can be killed without conscious pain, and he who shoots at it for sport runs the risk of subjecting it to "unnecessary suffering," which is a crime under the statute and under the moral law. In the story alluded to, Mr. Murray has been describing a contest for a prize of a silver horn, to be gained by the best shot with rifles, the contestants being the "Trapper" and the boy "Herbert." They had shown signal skill in shooting at inanimate objects, and now the "judge" proposed that he should stand behind the two men and throw something into the air, the gunners not to know what it was to be till they saw it.

The preparations having been made, the scene is thus described:—

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said the judge.

"Sartainly, sartainly," responded the Trapper, "let her come, jedge, whatever it is; the pieces will bust if they wait much longer."

"Ready 'tis," said the judge. "Now!"

"He opened his hands, stretched over the heads of the two men. A whirr, a buzz, a roar of wings, and a brown object glanced through the air straight from the two men as a bullet could spin.

"A flash of lightning is not quicker than the motion of the two guns, as they were swept to their level. The explosion of one of the pieces, at least, did not wait. The partridge had not gone a hundred feet before the bullet of Herbert's gun overtook it, and actually blew it into fragments!

"The Trapper had not fired. He had checked himself in the very act of pulling the trigger,—his rifle dropped into the hollow of his arm, and turning to Henry he said,—

"The life that the Maker gives them is sweet to his creature's, Henry, and may the Lord forgive ye for takin' without cause the life that ye cannot give back to the bird. No, no, boy, I don't blame ye; ye was taken unawares, and it was quick work, and I come near jinin' in the murder myself. I tell ye, Squire," said the old man, as he turned to the judge, "ye have did an onwise thing, and in yer merriment made an innocent man do a deed he would not naturally do. No, no, the horn isn't worth a life to John Norton, even if that life be the life of the smallest of God's creatures; unless the takin' of it can be of service to man."

"The old trapper had said this with all the solemn gravity of a man who was speaking from the conviction not only of principle, but of a life-long practice, and as one who had forgotten in the larger and graver thought the smaller and lighter one of the sports around him."

It is gratifying to know that a writer who is so much a sportsman as Mr. Murray thus rebukes the hunters in the Adirondacks who kill birds and deer for mere sport, and we trust it may induce sportsmen everywhere to ask themselves if they are willing an uneducated trapper shall seem to excel them in the utterance of humane ideas and in action growing out of them.

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In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindness, if sought for, are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

Our Dumb Animals.

75

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Birds in Cages.

Just think of it! A beautiful bird with every part of its organism fitted for soaring in the free air, with its glossy neck and its wings made for motion, and its whole nature alive with desire to fly and sing, is often kept shut into one little space scarcely more than a foot high and less than that in diameter!

No young person or older person would like to be called cruel, but if any one of these persons should apply personally Charles Reade's motto, "Put yourself in his place," it would not be long ere we should hear an outcry of agony and distress. But when these little birds cry out in their prisons, uttering the only language they can use, we call it singing, and we smile at them while they in their misery peck at their bars longing to try their wings in the beautiful way in which the Creator made them to move in the sunshine and sweet air.

Why are birds kept in close cages? Is it for the amusement of their owners? Amusement! Can humane people derive amusement from the sight of anguish? That which is contrary to nature is wrong. He who made all nature has equal care for all that He has created, and "not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice."

Set the caged birds free, through the day at least, or a part of the day. Make a space for them where they can try their wings. Lovely birds! Constant confinement is misery to them, as it would be to us.

EUGENIA ST. JOHN.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Ladies and Humming-Birds.

[Extract from a private letter written in Venezuela, South America, January, 1877.]

A gentleman from Maturin has given to me a dozen little humming-birds, with breasts of emerald, topaz, amethyst and ruby, the brightest possible. He says one lady used 300 dozen breasts for a fan. We were inclined to doubt this till we calculated the sum and found it quite possible. The little creatures are exported to New York and Paris by the hundred thousand.

"Trinidad puts a heavy penalty on any man that kills a bird, and all the hunters are ravaging Venezuela. They make ribbons of the plumage that bring enormous prices."

Let us hope that no American lady will so far encourage the destruction of these beautiful creatures as to carry a fan made of such material, or wear those ornaments on her hat. The influence of American woman will be felt outside their own country. Let each one feel a personal responsibility.—[ED.]

The Cat.

The cat is a very timid animal; it is never wicked unless excited to anger, and never angry unless in danger. Forced to live with the dog, its most cruel enemy, it naturally becomes more and more distrustful, which in all probability has given rise to the idea that the cat is false. If we displayed more affection for this much abused animal, we should know more of its good qualities.

When the cat turns its graceful paw about its head, it is a sign of change in the weather. For example: if it is rainy, you may expect the sun and a clear sky, so says M. Boitard. L. B. U.—Translated from *L'Ami des Animaux*.

We do not usually get our highest good or our deepest enjoyments from set times and seasons, events planned, persons expected; but from those which are entirely unforeseen and undreamed of.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Green Grass Under the Snow.

The work of the sun is slow,
But as sure as heaven, we know;
So we'll not forget
When the skies are wet
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers,
And buds and flowers,
And green grass under the snow.

We find that it's ever so,
In this life's uneven flow;
We've only to wait,
In the face of fate,
For the green grass under the snow.

If our paths must diverge, be it so;
For whatever betides us, we know
If we'll only be strong
We shall see before long
The green grass under the snow.

Florida Bird Songs.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Like all spring openings everywhere, ours is heralded by bird songs. The red bird, bright as a flame, cheeriest, sweetest of the little cherubim, is flashing in and out of the orange trees with a "Whit! whit! whit!—what cheer! what cheer! what cheer!" Two pairs of red birds have set up establishments in our orchard, the males flaming and flaunting in the best Chinese vermillion coats and the ladies more daintily attired in suits of reddish brown, with scarlet beaks and claws. Yesterday a little scene occurred which shows that there is some human nature in birds, in spite of Dr. Watts's good opinion of them. "Birds in their little nests agree," says the doctor. They do when things go to suit them, but not otherwise. So as my gay lord and lady in their vermillion coats were making love in the most approved style, another lady red bird alighted on a neighboring bough in the most innocent and proper manner and began singing her little song of "Birdie, birdie, birdie." Instantly my lady number one flew at her like a little red-hot fiend and drove her out of sight and hearing. I don't know that my lord red cardinal had even looked at the intruder; it is possible he may have cast an indiscreet eye that way and remarked "What a sweet voice that lady has!" If he did he was soon taught better than that. It is to be confessed that Mrs. Redbird is a captivating creature, and to hear her call "Birdie, birdie, birdie," in her melting liquid tones is enough to bring the most careless of mates to her side. The jays are very busy, very clannish, very sociable and noisy just now; up and down through the great underdome of the live oaks they rattle and chatter—veritable bird gossips. I fancy them a shallow, commonplace, good-natured set—a sort of Mrs. Quickly among birds—but their noise is a cheery one.

Then those merry madcaps, the mocking-birds, have been heard from, and reported as singing in the early morning. Not that they are in full song yet, but a few more such sunny weeks as the last will put them in spirits and make them as loquacious as heart could desire.

The other day, in driving out in the woods, we saw in one spot thousands of robins. Every bush and brake was bending with the weight of them, and as we drove by they flew up in clouds. It seemed, in fact, to be a mass meeting or convention of robins, for there was abundance of chattering and excited movement among them.—*Christian Union.*

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred man in company.—*Swift.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Cattle Kneeling.

In your January number is a question propounded for answer, "Do cattle kneel at Christmas?" Supposing, as Mr. Beecher remarks, that the questioner is an honest man, I can readily believe that, under the circumstances, he saw the cattle kneeling on Christmas night. Perhaps if he had gone on another night, in the same way, he would have seen a similar sight. If he was not accustomed to go to the stable at night, this visit was a surprise to the cattle. When he opened the door they would naturally rise from the intrusion and turn their heads toward it, the east, as he describes. Being blinded by the glare of the lantern they could not see him and would probably remain on their knees as he first saw them, as I suppose by his statement he did not disturb them further by entering the stable. Cattle always take the kneeling position in rising. The first effort puts them on their knees, the next movement puts them on their hind feet, the succeeding movement puts them on their fore feet, a very different mode of rising from that of a horse. As they are rather slow in moving they might remain on their knees a short time, when they would prefer lying down to rising. Any one having opportunity and inclination to try the result, will have many nights to experiment before Christmas.

W.

"Boz."

THE following was related to me as a true story:—A gentleman made a present of a dog to a friend, with the observation: "You will find 'Boz' a noble fellow, in every sense of the word; but he has one peculiarity,—he will not brook harsh treatment. How much soever he may be attached to your family, he will run away if any one strikes him." The dog proved to be, as the ladies of the house said, "just splendid"—affectionate, kind, gentle, useful in running of errands, besides being an excellent watch-dog. In course of time, the gentleman brought home a little Scotch terrier. At first "Boz" treated the new-comer with silent contempt; but, when the latter ventured to be familiar and play with the feather-like appendage, which was a striking feature of beauty in Boz, he forgot his dignity so far as to seize the offender and shake it half out of its wits. The ladies remonstrated with Boz, who seemed quite ashamed of what he had done, but soon after forgot the lecture and again shook the terrier. This time the gentleman took the matter in hand and gave Boz a thrashing, whereupon he turned his back upon master and home. Nothing was heard of Boz for more than two years, during which time generous rewards had been offered for any information concerning him. Finally, when they had given up all hope of ever seeing him again, he suddenly walked in at the front door, passed his master and the terrier without the slightest sign of recognition, but expressed unbounded joy at sight of his mistress and the children. L. B. U.

AT Gundagai, New South Wales, there is in existence a cat which is said to have attained the extraordinary age of one hundred years. It was brought from England in the Golden Grove, which cast anchor in Botany Bay on the 20th of January, 1788. The cat is supposed to be the sole survivor of the quadrupeds brought to Australia by this vessel. The cat passed into the possession of a pensioner of the Imperial Government, who settled in Gundagai in 1839, and who was drowned in the local deluge of June, 1852.—*Science Gossip*

HUMMING-BIRD jewelry, made entirely from the feathers of these little creatures, is sought for in Paris.

Let American women refuse to wear it and the feathers of other ornamental birds, and thus discourage the killing of them for this purpose.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, March, 1877.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of our society will be held at the rooms of the society, 186 Washington Street, on Tuesday, March 27, at 11 A. M., for the choice of directors, and for the transaction of other business.

Renewal of Memberships.

During this month our annual memberships expire, and we shall soon issue invitations for renewal. We trust these will be responded to for several reasons,—for the work we are enabled to do by the use of the money, for the interest it shows in the work, and for the indorsement it gives of our method of performing it.

We shall hope that others not now members will join us. Many who seem to feel an interest have never contributed to the support of the society, either through inadvertence or because they have never been especially solicited. No humane or other work can be extensively carried on without money. Sympathy will not pay the bills.

During the late hard times we have not felt like making earnest solicitation. But the sun seems about to shine, and we look for a prosperous year. The bequests with which we have been favored during the last year, have not, with a single exception, reached us, and are likely to be delayed by legal questions, inability to sell real estate and other causes; so that we feel called upon to ask the annual contributions which have so encouraged us heretofore. If members or others will call at the office, we will be glad to convince them that the money is wisely expended.

Rates of Membership.

Active Life,	\$100
Associate Life,	50
Active Annual,	10
Associate Annual,	5

Spitz Dogs and Hydrophobia.

There is an unusual agitation in regard to dogs just now, and especially the Spitz breed, and legislation is asked for.

In the midst of such an excitement, excesses are likely to occur on both sides,—by those who would kill every dog of every breed, on the one side, and by dear lovers of dogs on the other, who believe that their dogs should be protected at all hazards. It is a natural fear on the one hand, and a natural affection on the other. Doubtless, out of the discussion truth will be elicited, for which we are willing to wait. In the meantime, if we owned a dog, and wished him to go at large, we should put upon him one of the patent muzzles, which, while it protects the public, allows the dog to eat and drink without difficulty. While animals have rights, so have the public, and in times like the present, all should be willing to hold a part of their rights in abeyance, until the controverted questions are settled, or the public anxiety subsides.

THERE are 3,019 veterinary surgeons in France, exclusive of those belonging to the army, and the government pays out 750,000 francs annually for the support of its veterinary schools.

Death of Vice-Presidents.

Again we are called upon to record the death of three of our vice-presidents, William Appleton and John H. Dexter of Boston, and Miss Jane R. Sever of Kingston.

Mr. Appleton was a member of the first and several subsequent boards of directors, was acting-president during Mr. Angell's absence in Europe, and declined a re-election as director on account of impaired health. Since that time he has been one of our vice-presidents, and a very active friend of the cause always, giving time, thought and money freely. He expended one thousand dollars for watering-troughs alone for the streets of Boston, and they may be seen in different parts of the city with only this inscription, "Gift of W. A." He would not desire us to name his donations, but we may say his example is eminently worthy of imitation, and we may express a personal loss at his departure.

At a meeting of our directors February 21, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"We bow reverently before the Providence which has brought to a close (in its earthly relations) the life of our constant friend, William Appleton, whose generous interest in the humane enterprises of this society, we now most tenderly recognize.

"Resolved, That we recall gratefully the memories of his service in the board of directors, his kindly and unabated interest as a vice-president of the society; his munificent thoughtfulness so often expressed when he could render service to the cause. And not less than this also, his well-balanced, pure and faithful life, so rich in its noble sympathies, so quick in its unobtrusive ministries and so serene in its faith in things unseen.

"Resolved, That as we make record of this brief expression of our respect, and as we transmit a copy of it to his family, we also convey to them our tenderest sympathy in their bereavement."

Mr. Dexter has been a constant friend of the cause, and worked for it many years before our society was formed. In 1837 he published a pamphlet entitled "The Horse," which forcibly advocated the practice of kindness, and he circulated a large number of this document, as well as those published by our society. He constantly kept a supply in his room to give to his friends during their visits. He remembered us in the final disposition of his property.

Miss Sever has always been a generous donor to our society, never forgetting us, although her age prevented her from visiting our rooms, but her messenger was sure to come. Advancing years did not lessen her interest, and a generous remembrance in her will proved the permanence of her love for the cause.

Horse-Cars at Street Corners.

At the "Salt Hearing," the other day, we told the horse-railroad corporations that if they would adopt the rule of stopping only at street corners, they would save many times as much in wear and tear of horses, as would the use of salt on their tracks. We fear competition will prevent them from uniting in such a movement; but, in the meantime, let the thoughtful and humane of the riding public begin the work by calling for stops only at these points.

AGENTS, be watchful to prevent the tying of calves' and sheep's legs in transportation to butchers and otherwise.

Salt on Horse Railroad Tracks.

The bill, which we offered in the Legislature to prevent the sprinkling of salt in the streets, for the purpose of dissolving the snow, was referred to the "Committee on Roads and Bridges."

Two hearings have been given. On our side, we presented a copy of the New York law, with a list of the cases prosecuted under it, during the last winter, with penalties of fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars, and in some cases imprisonment added, and, in others, the roads had been indicted by the grand jury and were awaiting trial. We showed that Boston had a "regulation" against it, which had not been enforced in past years, but that since our petition, this winter, to the mayor and aldermen, several of the roads *have been indicted by the grand jury*. We submitted the testimony of five prominent veterinary surgeons of Boston, that in their opinion salt and snow were decidedly injurious to horses, also the testimony of several of the leading truckmen of Boston that they believed their horses were thus injured, and also that transportation was much impeded by the clearing of the tracks with salt.

In opposition, we were met by nearly all the horse railroads in Boston, by their presidents, superintendents, and employés, and they succeeded in showing that *salt-and-water* was good for horses' feet, and would cure "thrush"; that, in a long investigation, in Philadelphia, some years ago, it was shown that salt-and-snow did not injure leather nor the *public health*. But they did not deny that this mixture would essentially reduce the temperature of anything coming in contact with it, nor did they claim that such reduction was healthful. Neither did they claim that no difficulty in transportation in our streets grew out of the use of salt. It appeared that the Middlesex road had not used salt this winter, except on the switches (which our bill permits), but the president of that road joined the brotherhood in opposition to the bill. It appeared, also, that this road required four horses to draw their cars *without* the use of salt, while other roads required but two *with* its use.

Naturally, it seemed to us that we made out the strongest case, but, as the committee have not yet reported, we are willing to wait for their decision as to the weight of evidence.

Calf-Bleeding and White Veal.

As spring approaches each year, it is our duty to renew our appeal on this subject. In a few words, then, if our friends wish to encourage cruelty, and wish to feel that calves have bled till they are sick and faint, simply to make the veal white, let them continue to buy white veal. If they would discourage cruelty let them demand red veal.

Again, if our agents are satisfied that calf-bleeding is practised in their vicinity, let them warn the butchers, and afterward, if proof can be obtained, let them prosecute.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Manchester "Despatch" wants to know if the Society P. C. A. at that place has any officers, or whether it died in infancy. Can any of our friends there answer the question? If the society has no life will not some one revive it?

Our Dumb Animals.

77

Old Barns.

In a recent case where we prosecuted an owner of a barn, it was described as a "column of air with a few slabs around it." We fear there are many such in this Commonwealth and more in proportion to the population in other States where there are no societies or societies without agents in every town.

"But," says the reader, "if you have agents in every town in Massachusetts, why are these barns allowed to be neglected?" We answer, because our country agents have not given the time and attention to the subject which it demanded. And while we are unable to pay them, we cannot expect them to devote a great amount of time to this work. Many are so situated that they cannot do more than attend to the cases of open abuse, in warning people who are driving disabled horses and in prosecuting extreme cases. To ask them to ride over their towns and examine the barns is imposing on them quite a task. But if the people would take interest enough to report cases among their neighbors or acquaintances of barns furnishing deficient shelter, it would result in great good. Reports can be made to us or to our agents.

Notwithstanding our repeated appeals we fear much suffering has taken place this winter, and will continue to take place this windy month of March, if active work is not done to prevent it. Will not every one who reads this article report any case within his knowledge? Will not country papers ventilate this subject?

One of our country agents has visited *seventy-eight barns* in his district since January first, has had several horses killed, made prosecutions and corrected other abuses. In one case four calves were found with their ears frozen. The fine and costs were more than the expense of repairing the barn, and the owner was compelled to do that afterwards!

If our country friends, sitting by warm fires and sleeping in warm beds, would be willing to give a few hours to the service of their suffering animal friends, they would increase the warmth of their own hearts and win the gratitude of our society.

Mixed Stock in Railroad Cars.

It has been, for many years, a custom to transport cattle and calves in the same car, resulting often in the death of the calves by trampling. By repeated appeals, we induced the roads coming through Vermont and New Hampshire to our markets, to forbid such mixing of stock. Quite recently, we have obtained from the Boston and Albany road a similar order. We trust our friends will report any cases of a deviation from these rules on any road in our State.

CLIPPING HORSES.—This subject has recently been discussed more than usual, especially in the Salem "Mercury." Experts on both sides are confident, and there seems about as great and honest difference of opinion between them as between the disciples of different theories of medical practice, and about as irreconcilable.

PHILADELPHIA FAIR.—No report has yet reached us of the result of the fair lately held at Philadelphia by the Women's Branch Society. In our next we shall hope to have a full account.

Glanders and Farcy.

Agents frequently inquire how they can tell a case of glanders or farcy, and in the event of finding such how they shall proceed.

In regard to glanders an eminent English authority says: "The disease is at its commencement confined to the internal lining of the nostrils, which present a dull leaden color, accompanied by a thin discharge, transparent and colorless, the left nostril usually being the first affected. As the disease progresses, the discharge increases in quantity, becomes sticky and is yellow in color; the glands below the jaw enlarge and become hard, the nostrils ulcerated, the appetite fails, the coat is turned the wrong way, the skin is hide-bound, the legs fill slightly during the day, but go down at night, ulcers break out on the body, and the horse, worn to a skeleton, dies.

"Farcy shows itself first by small hard knots in the skin (usually in the inside of the thighs and arms, or the neck and hips), called 'farcy buds.' In process of time, the general system suffers, as in glanders (the poison in both cases being the same, though differently developed), and the horse dies a miserable, worn-out object."

No treatment can be relied upon to cure either disease, and as both are contagious, every farcied and glandered horse should be at once destroyed.

As to the duty of the agent in such cases: *First.* Prevent the use of the horse by warning, if possible; otherwise by prosecution (under section 2 of our statute). *Secondly.* Notify the board of health (in towns, the selectmen) of the existence of the animal, as it becomes their duty to order the destruction of anything dangerous to the public health.

Under the common law it is an offence against the public health, punishable by fine of \$50, to drive an infected animal into any public street or place. As we have often stated, our agents have no right, as agent, to kill a horse from any cause, without consent of the owner, which consent, however, can be often obtained when the owner is satisfied that he is liable to prosecution for using a disabled animal. In such case no appeal to the board of health is necessary.

Kindred Societies.

We shall publish in our May issue a full list of kindred societies in the United States with their boards of officers, and hence omit from this paper the lists recently received. Some of these societies do not seem to realize the necessity of raising money to carry on its work. One of these, in another State, whose report has just come to hand, has received *twenty dollars* only during the last year, and expended forty. The report apologizes for the little work done, and says, "if those citizens who profess themselves in sympathy with the cause would join us, we would be able to properly do the work." These remarks would apply to many other societies, where the people leave the work to be done by a few persons and give them no money with which to do it. And yet we believe, with proper exertion of its officers, no society need to be limited in receipts and expenditures to forty dollars in a year.

WE do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we are forever trying to prove it because we believe it.

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY OFFICE AGENTS IN FEBRUARY.

Whole number of complaints, 122; viz., beating, 6; overloading, 10; overdriving, 1; driving when lame and galled, 26; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 24; abandoning, 2; torturing, 14; driving when diseased, 7; cruelty in transportation, 1; defective streets, 1; general cruelty, 30.

Remedied without prosecution, 45; warnings issued, 45; not substantiated, 19; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 6; (pending Oct. 1st, 1; Feb. 1st, 2—all disposed of by conviction); under investigation, 7.

Animals killed, 19; temporarily taken from work, 32.

FINES.

Police Courts.—Lee, \$10; Chelsea (5 cases), \$37; Lynn, \$3.

District Courts.—First Southern Middlesex, \$5.

Municipal Court.—Boston (4 cases, 2 paid at jail), \$36.

Superior Courts.—Suffolk County, \$5.

Witness Fees.—\$9.60.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. L. P. Cheney, \$2; Mrs. David Wood, \$5; Mrs. George Dickinson, \$100; Colman & Son, \$1.56; Mrs. Leiland Fairbanks, \$3; Miss Eileen Valentine, \$5; Mrs. Henry Edwards, \$10; A. L. F., \$10; Mrs. M. J. Eastman, \$1; Augustus Story, \$5; Miss E. H. Bradford, \$6; Mrs. C. S. Barnard, \$10; Miss Adeline May, \$1; Mrs. A. A. Nourse, \$1; F., \$100.

SUBSCRIBERS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. C. S. Faulkner, E. L. Hammond, Mrs. Hiram Grew, Mary E. Dewey, Mrs. A. S. Spencer, J. E. Peasley, J. N. Farrar, James Joy, Daniel Carter, Miss C. E. Ball, Mrs. J. R. Faulkner, Mrs. R. Pierce, Master J. S. Barnard, Miss E. Pierce, E. A. Webb, William Lee, Miss J. W. Robinson, S. E. Sargent, Mrs. General Griffin, Rev. John Pike, James Ellison, Mrs. S. Dow, Miss A. E. L. Willard, Mrs. John Bracewell, Mrs. T. L. Wallingford, Mrs. John P. Hale, Mrs. W. Waldron, Mrs. J. E. Bickford, Mrs. A. A. Fairbanks, Mrs. W. A. Morrill, Mrs. Margaret Vaux, Miss Whittemore (2), Mrs. Michael Conroy, Mrs. Margaret Vaux, Barber Chase, Sheldon Rockwood, Flushing (New York) Society, \$10.

ENGLISH MAGAZINES, SIXTY CENTS EACH.

Miss L. A. Hatch (3).

Cruelty to Cats.

Some one in New Hampshire asks, "When will the smaller animals—cats, etc.—be protected and considered to have rights as well as human beings?" and alludes to the deliberate kicking of a playful kitten in such a manner as to severely injure it. For such cruelty there seems no excuse. In answer to the question we say, the New Hampshire law protects cats as well as any other animals. Any one who "tortures, torments, or inflicts unnecessary cruelty upon any animal," is the language of the law. Our law is the same; and torturing a cat cost two men in Boston, awhile ago, seventy-five dollars. So the small animals are protected, and it only needs the proof and moral courage of friends of animals to punish the offenders.

Rochester (N. H.) Society.

[Organized February 2, 1877.]

President.—Dr. B. W. Sargent.

Treasurer.—John Young.

Secretary.—Charles A. Giles, with twelve vice-presidents and thirty-four directors. A full list will be published with other societies in our May paper.

An Agent's Report.

You ask for a report; I will report a case of my own. I sold a calf to a butcher living out of town. When he came for the calf, I saw him take a cord from his wagon. I told him I was an agent to prevent the suffering of animals, and could not have my calf's legs tied. He said I might prosecute as soon as I wished. I offered him my cage to take the calf home, which he accepted. Agents must practice what they preach. No calf is taken to the butchers here now with his legs tied. When I receive "Our Dumb Animals," I send it through the post-office to some boy in town, hoping it will start him right.

Our Dumb Animals.

Children's Department.

Curiosity.

Young folks are usually curious about many things, and why not young dogs? If three little children were sitting in the doorway of their house, and should see a strange animal approach, they would probably exhibit as much curiosity as the puppies in the picture. They would say more about it, and some would run and scream out, "I'm afraid!" even though the animal was no larger than a snail.

Children, who have not been properly taught, are often much afraid of animals that are perfectly harmless, as most small animals are. Caution is very well in such matters, and children should seek information about the character of all creatures they meet. Hence curiosity is a capital thing, if not carried so far as to induce the children to ask too many questions at improper times. Reasonable questions should be answered in a natural and true way, and unreasonable ones properly explained.

The features of these dogs exhibit as much curiosity as could be expressed in a child's face, and we cannot know that the snail itself does not partake of the feeling. We shall often find, if we watch animals, the same characteristics as we find in human beings, and the more their natures are investigated, the more resemblance we find. Of course, we do not claim equality for animals; only as far as their intelligence goes, they are entitled to respect and always to protection.

I Promised Him.

"You don't mean to say, Tom, that you're going to let that bird loose, when you've brought it so far over the seas with you, and set so much store by it, besides?"

"Aye, but I do, Joe, for I promised him I would."

"Him!" what do you mean?" asked the young countryman, as his companion rested the cage on his knee, and began to open the door of the wire prison.

"Little Jim, the boy that was saved with me from the wreck. Leastways, he was spared for a little while, but hunger and cold did their work on his frail body, and he died just before the vessel came along that took me off the rock." Here the bluff sailor drew his brown hand across his eyes.

"Well," he resumed, "it's a long story, but I'll try to make a short one of it. You see, Jim's father and mother were going out to settle in

Australia, and having a fancy for something home-like about them, they took this cage of English sparrows along, intending to give them their liberty after they got there. When the ship struck, and every soul was drowned but little Jim and me, who were fastened to the rigging, he insisted on my diving to the cabin after his birds, before I lashed him to the plank on which we were going to venture our lives.

"It was an awful sight to see the dead bodies that were floating around in that cabin. But I couldn't do them any good, you know, so I just clutched the cage, that was hanging by a hook to the roof, and scrambled on deck again. There was only this one poor little bird left alive. The water had risen and drowned its companions, but it had clung with claws and beak to the top of the cage, and we took it along with us."

"I owe that sparrow more than its freedom, Joe," said the sailor, as they both stood looking after it. "D'ye see, when it was with me on that bare rock, it would cry, 'twit,' 'twit,' as if to cheer me up. Sometimes it seemed to me it said, 'Fear not; ye are of more value than sparrows.' Then all the texts I ever learned about trusting God in time of trouble came fresh into my mind."

—*Child's World.*

CURIOSITY.



"Our Frisky."

PART II.

One day soon after "Frisky" came to our house, he was taken sick. Thinking that the fresh air and sunlight might be as good medicine as I could find for him, I took him to the garden, and put him in a tree. At first, he seemed frightened, but soon his squirrel nature revived, and he ran from tree to tree, looking down on me with his roguish eyes, as if to say, "Catch me, if you can!" I called, "Frisky! Frisky!" but "Frisky" would not come. After waiting a little, I went to the house, though I feared lest some hungry cat might catch him, or some boy might see and shoot him.

By and by I went and called again; he was ready now to come, and was entirely cured of his sickness.

After this, I put a collar around his neck; to this I tied a string, and took him with me to the woods.

How delighted he was! He seemed wild with joy,—and no wonder. It was his own beautiful home, carpeted with moss and flowers; and the song of the birds and the breeze, in the great tree-tops, made the sweetest music.

What a wild, free life his companions were having. He seemed perfectly satisfied; ran hither and thither in great glee; now nibbling the bark off the trees, and then practising gymnastics among the branches.

When it was time for me to go home, he cuddled down in my pocket, and took a nap by the way. He never seemed unhappy in the home of his adoption. He made him a nest over the shed door, where he stowed his goodies. Here he had a good view of passers-by, and often surprised

them, by leaping down upon their heads. If "Frisky" was missing, and if there was a coat hanging anywhere about, I was pretty sure to find "Frisky" asleep in one of the pockets.

Asking for a Drink.

On Ash Street, in Belvidere, in a double-house, live two families, and to one belongs a fine, large Newfoundland dog. During the day, he is kept chained in the back-yard or garden, and at night, has his liberty. A few days ago, a lady belonging in the family in the part of the house not occupied by his master, was in the garden, and heard the dog whine a number of times. Finally, this demonstration was in so earnest a manner that she spoke to him, and asked "Jack" what he wanted. On being recognized thus, his actions were still more striking. The lady went toward him, but discovered nothing out of the way, save that a dish in which he was supplied with water was bottom side up. "Jack" hastened to it, and, with his great black paw, turned the dish over, and then, taking it in his mouth, he carried it as far as his chain would permit toward the lady. This told her, as plainly as actions could speak, that the dog was thirsty and wanted her to fill his dish with water, which she did.—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

Our Dumb Animals.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

The Jersey Cow.

"That is my cow," said Sophia S., putting her arms around the neck of a beautiful cow,—"I saved her from the ruthless hand of the keeper, who pronounced her an incurable calf. You never saw such a poor, sickly, pitiful-looking creature as my beauty was when I first took her in hand. 'What could I do with a sick calf?' Why, I will tell you. In the first place I had it taken from the dirty straw, on which it was lying in a dark corner of the barn, and carried out in the warm sunshine; then I made some nice oatmeal porridge and poured it down its throat. After it had been in the open air awhile, it was carried back into the barn, put upon clean straw in a light place. Before leaving it I rubbed it all over gently with a dry cloth. After dinner I got my bossy out and fed it again."

"This process was continued for nearly a week before I perceived any manifest signs of improvement. John, the keeper and his son, whose business it was to do my bidding, grumbled all the while at what they called my 'new-fangled notions of treating "creeters" like human beings.' But I persevered; soon the calf took more nourishment, and moved its limbs more freely; however it was not able to stand. A happy thought suggested itself. I procured some good whiskey and administered a moderate dose, which naturally put the calf to sleep. When it awoke it could stand. A second dose of whiskey, given a few days after, worked like a charm—my calf could walk, and was soon well. And now permit me to introduce it to you as 'Mistress Sofy,' the best and the handsomest Jersey cow in town."

Since I doctored the bossy, my attention has been drawn to the manner in which calves are treated, and I regret to say that the lives of many healthy, valuable calves are endangered by the carelessness of those, who having tied the animal to a tree, leave it to the mercy of dogs and boys, forget to provide it with water, or to free it from the entanglement of the rope which strangles it."

L. B. U.

♦♦♦
Shepherds' Dogs.

The following is from a Scotchman, by way of illustrating the kindly consideration evinced by the Scottish peasantry toward the domestic animals, especially the shepherds to their dogs, which consequently become their attached companions. A minister calling to visit one of his flock found before the fireplace three dogs, apparently asleep. At the sound of a whistle two rose up and walked out; the third remained still.

"It is odd," said the minister, "that this dog does not get up like the others."

"It's no astonishin' ava," said the shepherd; "for it's no his turn; he was oot i' the mornin'."

A gentleman staying in the family of a sheep-farmer remarked that daily as the family sat at dinner a shepherd's dog came in, received its portion, and soon after disappeared.

"I never see that dog except at dinner," said the visitor.

"The reason is," said the farmer, "we've lent him to our neighbour, Jamie Nicol, an' we tell him to come hame ilk day to his dinner. When he gets his dinner, purr beast, he gaes awa back till his wark."

PRIZES FOR COMPOSITIONS.—The reading and study which this competition has caused; the emulation excited in many thousand young hearts; the interest of teachers, of children (whether competing or non-competing), and of parents and relatives, evoked by this practical and thoroughly effectual mode of teaching humanity, will commend itself to all friends of animals.—*Animal World.*

ROBINS and bluebirds are said to pass the winter in the warm and sunny sheltered places on the south side of Mt. Holyoke.

[Contributed.]

Little Linda.

DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1877; AGED 14 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS.

By Beatrice (Mrs. S. M. Lambert).

Gone to sleep, sound asleep, little Linda,
So sound you are deaf to my call;
You hear not the bird anthems ringing,
You'll see not the apple-blooms fall.

You were all that I had, little Linda,
The legend for us read "till death";
You loved me, knew me and me only,
As passed your last flickering breath.

Dead, dead! so's the heart that is left me,
I'm "wicked!" Pray don't waste your breath!
Did your finest spun theories ever
Fill a place made vacant by death?

Dare you say that the Master, creator
Of worlds out of limitless space,
In the future of Justice and Mercy,
Has for his dumb creatures no place?

Perhaps in the golden Forever,
Adown by the evergreen shore,
I shall meet and know little Linda,
Mayhap she will wait at the Door.

Shut between the Here and Hereafter,
For one she loved dearest and best,
The time wont be long little Linda,
When I too shall enter my rest.

Shall fold the hands weary with labor,
Through decades of grief and of woe,
Glad to sleep by your side, little Linda,
'Neath a mantle of apple-bloom snow.

♦♦♦
The Useful Reindeer.

Lapland nourishes no other domestic animal than the reindeer; but in this creature are to be found many useful qualities. No part of the animal is useless. The Laplanders make use of the hair, the skin, the flesh, the bones, the marrow, the blood, and the nerves. The skin serves to protect them from the inclemency of the weather; no other flesh than that of the reindeer is eaten; its bones are of astonishing use, for cross-bows and bows, for pointing their arrows, for making their spoons, and for ornaments. Its tongue and the marrow of its bones are their greatest delicacies. They frequently drink the blood, but they generally preserve it in a bladder, which they expose to the cold, and allow to become dense by freezing; when they wish to eat it they cut off with an axe as much as they desire. They have no other thread than that which they draw from the nerves and sinews of this animal; with the finest they sew their clothes, and with the coarsest they sew the bark of their huts, sledges, and cradles. The milk of the reindeer is the only beverage of the Laplanders possess; and because it is extremely fat and thick they mix it with nearly an equal quantity of water; they only draw a gallon of milk daily from the best reindeer, which give no milk except when they have a young one. Very nutritious cheeses are made from this milk; and the poorer classes, who cannot afford to kill a deer for its flesh, live on nothing else than milk and cheese. The cheeses are fat and have a strong smell; but being made and eaten without salt, they are quite tasteless.—*Home and School.*

The startling estimate is made by the "Los Angeles Herald" that at the present rate of increase, in four years the three counties of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Bernardino will produce annually 100,000,000 pounds of honey, valued at \$20,000,000, or more than all the sugar of Louisiana, Texas and Florida.

Stable and Farm.

Error Corrected.

In our February paper we published an extract from the "Rod and Gun" (which we supposed good authority), advising the use of muriatic acid when a nail has been trodden upon and entered the foot of a horse. We have since been advised, by competent authority, that such application would be exceedingly painful to the horse, and should not be used. We therefore wish to correct the error.

♦♦♦
Balky Horses.

Several of our correspondents are discussing this question with various results; several plans have been proposed, some of them practicable, but often involving too much trouble and labor. Some claim that balking is the result of improper education, but no one who will carefully investigate the trouble can fail to believe that the disposition of the animal has much to do with it. If a horse balks once and is whipped for it, the chances are that he will balk again, and if this remedy is repeatedly tried the bad habit is confirmed. In nine cases out of ten the entire absence of anything like a whip, or cross language, and the presence of anything which will give the animal a new idea or take his attention from the trouble, will usually cause him to start promptly. In some cases simply raising one fore-foot up until the horse starts will answer the purpose; in others, a string tied tightly around one ear will produce the same effect; a rag or bunch of cotton stuffed into one ear, a string tied tightly around the fore-leg, a small rope tied around the root of the tail and passed in front between the fore-legs and drawn tight—all seem to have one and the same effect of taking the horse's attention and diverting it from the balking. In many cases the trouble is caused by a nervousness on the part of the driver which is easily communicated to the animal, and can be remedied by allowing the animal to stand quiet until the trouble is forgotten. In any case the whip is the worst remedy that can be tried, and its improper use is probably the most prolific cause of the difficulty.—*Exchange.*

♦♦♦
The Much-abused Crow.

This is the title of an article in the "Rural New-Yorker," in which the writer contends that the crow is unjustly assailed by ornithologists. He says:—

"We are not taking anybody's assertion as to the facts but our own experience, having, during the past dozen years, domesticated quite a number of crows, watching their habits closely during the time. In addition to these tame birds, there is a wood near by which is a favorite resort for crows, and hundreds nest there and raise their young; still, despite the proximity of this great number of enemies of small birds, according to recent writers, our garden and grounds abound with flocks of all species common in the climate and locality. No wild crows have ever been shot at or killed on our grounds since they came into our possession, and all crowdom is permitted to come and go as it pleases, to our mutual pleasure and satisfaction."

"We could readily fill a volume in recording the good deeds of crows, as well as recording the peculiar traits of this most intelligent of all our American birds. Of course, it must be admitted that he does sometimes commit overt acts; but these are the strong points in his history, for they show a high order of intelligence, just as we know that man, although the highest of all animals, can, and often does, descend to do meaner acts than is possible among less intelligent beings."

Our Dumb Animals.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Training Dogs for the Field.

It is well known to men familiar with field-sports, who love with dog and gun to drive dull care away for a season, and to court health and courage under the open sky, in woods and fields, that great cruelties are often practised in training a dog for such sports. He is to retrieve, to point, to follow the scent or trail with unswerving certainty and fidelity, to know all his master's ways and wishes and to co-operate with and obey him instantly; in a word, to supplement his bodily deficiencies and to extend the power of his senses. To this end is he "trained." This training is to the dog, as now practised by most sportsmen, a period of hardships and positive misery. Not only so, but the subsequent treatment in the field is often bad, even to wickedness; any failure on the part of the dog to respond instantly to the orders of an ignorant and excited tyro, himself untrained, being followed by abuse, by blows, or, perchance, by maiming with the small shot from the ever ready gun.

How unnecessary and wicked all this is, every true lover of the field knows well. "Training" is education—the development of the dog's powers for his special duty and for the apprehension of his master's wishes. Under proper training he finds, not misery, but added happiness; as to man, enlarged powers bring larger pleasures. But to expect good results from a creature whose faculties have never been properly awakened, and whose quick powers are dulled, and whose judgment is often overwhelmed by his fears is as absurd as to suppose good results could follow from a similar course with a child.

But let us presume that cruelty is oftenest the result of ignorance. Then it is our duty to enlighten the ignorant and to show a better way. For the better method, in all its details, there is no more desirable authority than General W. N. Hutchinson's recent book entitled "Dog Breaking" (Murray, London, 1876), from which I would like to quote largely, but forbear, knowing that it is best to be brief. In his own words, his system "advocates kind treatment of man's most faithful companion and his instruction with mildness rather than severity."

Followed as he directs, we may, with him, feel sure that "the schooling of the animal has added to their happiness instead of being a time of punishment." I may add that the authority of this eminent sportsman is so good that no one need feel called upon to defend it from the charge of being sentimental.

X.

Horse-Car Drivers.

A New York correspondent of the "Wolverine Citizen" (Mich.), after commanding the N. Y. Society for its efforts in behalf of street-car horses, thus asks sympathy for the drivers:

The car drivers in New York are compelled to work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, in freezing weather, rain, snow, or sleet, night and day, for which they receive the munificent sum of \$1.65! They are compelled to stand on their feet all the time, and there is scarcely one of them who has not varicose veins, or some other disease brought on by exposure, equally serious; and as severe as is the labor, and as hard as the work, there are thousands applying for the positions for every place that is vacant. It is a rather good proof of honesty that they work at all at such wages, rather than steal. But while the animals are taken care of, there has been as yet no society organized to prevent cruelty to men. The street cars are so many mines of wealth, and the companies are enormously rich; but their employees are harder worked and less paid than any in the city.

◆◆◆

If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, don't be anxious to avenge it.

New Societies in Georgia.

Through the efforts of Miss Louise W. King, of Augusta, new societies (auxiliary to the State Society at Augusta) were formed last month, at Columbus and Macon.

At Columbus, Mrs. T. E. Blanchard was chosen Secretary and Treasurer. Sixteen members were obtained, and an adjourned meeting will be held for further proceedings.

At Macon, Mrs. John Rutherford was chosen Secretary and Treasurer, and a committee were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws. Twenty-one members joined. In future papers we shall publish a full list of the officers of both societies if we obtain them.

The law of Georgia is as follows:—

"Any person in this State who shall torture, torment, deprive of necessary sustenance, cruelly beat or mutilate, or cause to be so tortured, tormented, deprived of necessary sustenance, cruelly beaten or mutilated, any horse or other animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and for every such offence shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars; imprisonment not to exceed six months; to work in a chain-gang on the public works, not to exceed twelve months: and any one or more of these punishments may be ordered in the discretion of the judge."

The Macon "Telegraph" in speaking of the formation of the society in that place says:—

"Miss King shrinks from any public display, and took no active personal part in the proceedings. She is a woman of the highest intelligence and refinement, and possessed of great modesty and worth. Her career is marked by *deeds*, not empty words or vain pretensions. Society and the animal creation owe much to her as a philanthropist and benefactor."

We wish other Southern States would imitate the example of Georgia, and other women follow the example of Miss King in organizing societies.

Horse Instinct (?)

Stage proprietor L. D. Edwards owns a horse that while standing near the depot at Athol a short time since, discovered that his blanket was slipping off to rearward, and feeling at the same time that he needed its protection more on his chest and shoulders, turned his head and taking the retreating garment with his teeth pulled it forward and applying the same force to the other side made himself safe and comfortable, like the prudent horse that he was.

The late Daniel Pratt had a large team horse who one day became unfastened, backed out of his stall and discovering five empty meal bags, took each one separately and singly, by the bottom, with his teeth, shook them faithfully over a clean spot on the floor and then proceeded to lick up the result, which was not very plentiful, but he took it as one thankful for small favors.

There is an elderly white horse here, who, in the digging potato season, took the wagon to the field and while it was being filled was allowed his liberty. There were apples and fall-feed in the enclosure, and he chose the apples, which he devoured so long and persistently, that, for his own welfare, it was considered safest to hitch him to a post. Next day he went through a like experience until his anxious friend went towards him with the intention of hitching him again, when the wise old quadruped stopped eating apples and commenced eating grass, with an extraordinary appetite. The party gave up the plan and went back to his potatoes, concluding that a horse who showed such decided diplomacy could be trusted to decide upon the amount of fruit he could consume without injuring his digestion.—*J. B. Howe, in "Athol Transcript."*

Hydrophobia.

REMEDIES REPORTED.

While we wish to repeat that there are very few cases of this disease either in men or dogs, and that many apparent cases are nervous diseases, sometimes produced by the imagination, still we know that there is such a disease, which has been usually pronounced incurable. Therefore we publish below certain claimed remedies, which have been collected by a friend, and that seem to be founded on sufficient evidence, but we cannot vouch for them. These are in addition to Dr. Townsend's pills mentioned in our last paper.

Preventives.—1. Mr. Youatt, of England, treated more than four hundred cases of persons who had been bitten by mad dogs, with muriate of silver, and not one had the disease.

2. Another physician treated many cases with muriatic acid with like success.

3. Others use nitrate of silver and nitric acid.

With these the wound should be promptly and thoroughly treated.

4. Two tablespoonfuls of fresh chloride of lime in powder, mixed in half-pint of water. Keep the wound constantly bathed with it. This has proved effectual in France.

5. Wash with warm vinegar and water, and apply a few drops of muriatic acid. Afterwards poultice with bread and poppy leaves.

6. Cures have been effected by a vapor bath at 170 degrees. These should be repeated, and the person should be kept in a state of perspiration for some days.

7. The root of the white ash steeped strong, and drank freely is also claimed to be a cure.

We repeat that we cannot vouch for any of these, but give them as they have been published and are vouched for by others.

A Sensible Placard.

The French Minister of Finance has caused a placard to be posted which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes.

Hedgehog—Lives on mice, small rodents, slugs, and grubs,—animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedgehog.

Toad—Farm-assistant: destroys from twenty to thirty insects an hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole—Is continually destroying grubs, larvae, palmer-worms, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Does more good than harm. Don't kill the mole.

May-Bug and its Larva or Grub—Mortal enemy of agriculture; lays from seventy to eighty eggs. Kill the May-Bug.

Birds—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them victoriously. They are the great caterpillar-killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests.—*Golden Rule.*

SCATTERING SUNBEAMS.—Think of how much happiness you convey to others by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, a genial "good morning," a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself the happier by these little expressions of fellow-feeling, of good-will? Silence, and stiff, unbending reserve are essentially selfish and vulgar. The generous and polite man has pleasant recognition and cheerful word for all he meets. He scatters sunbeams wherever he goes.

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